

# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Corper.*



"YOU ARE ONE OF THEM THAT THINK MONEY IS TO DO EVERYTHING, SIR."

## RALPH DRAPER;

OR, THE BLIGHT OF COVETOUSNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRANK LAYTON," "CITY ABAD," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.—ANOTHER VISITOR AT THE RECTORY.

Two days later, and another and more welcome visitor at the rectory. That visitor was Frank Eveleigh.

Greatly altered was Frank by the years and cares

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he had passed through. His dark hair had become streaked with grey. His cheeks were thinner; his brow was marked with thoughtful lines; and a settled melancholy might have been detected by a quick observer, in the expression of his countenance.

Yet Frank Eveleigh had prospered in the world. His private and secret sorrow, arising from the disappointment of his early hopes, had not destroyed or damped his energy, nor tinged his character with

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misanthropy. He had patiently and quietly and nobly borne what he had been called to bear, and had plodded on in the rough and dusty highway of life, making new friends at every stage, and losing none but as death removed them; and his patience and perseverance, integrity and earnestness had been crowned with success. He had—though one motive for exertion was lost to him—fulfilled the promise once made to himself, of erecting from the ruins of his shattered fortunes a fresh edifice of worldly competence.

"And so, my kind friend," said Frank, when, one hour after his arrival, he was seated with the aged clergyman by the cheerful fire in the parlour of the rectory—a hasty meal having been despatched, and the cloth removed—"and so, without puzzling my brains to guess why you sent so urgently for me, you see I am here."

"I could not explain why, without writing a much longer letter than perhaps you would have cared to read. Besides, I should have lost a post; and the occasion, as intimated, was urgent. So I trusted in your benevolence when I said that you could perform an act of great Christian charity by coming hither without delay; and I was not disappointed."

"And this act of Christian charity, my dear sir? May I hope it is something relating to yourself?"

"No," said Mr. Vivian; "for it includes forgiveness of a wrong suffered, and—"

"Ah, then it cannot relate to yourself; for you certainly have never wronged me, except by too great partiality; and if that be a wrong, it is easily forgiven by the sufferer," he added, smiling. "But indeed," continued Frank, "I know none to whom such an act of Christian charity from me is due—except"—and here the smile disappeared, and a shade crossed his brow.

"Frank," said his aged friend kindly, and laying his hand on his arm, "Grace Draper is here, in lodgings; she is very ill, the doctors say not likely to recover; and I wish you to see her."

Frank Eveleigh's countenance became very pale as his friend spoke, and his lips quivered. "Is this wise or right?" he asked, slowly and in a low tone, when this feeling had somewhat subsided. "What end can be attained by such an interview now? It would but open old wounds; and as Miss Draper is ill—I am grieved to hear it—but as that is the case, would not the excitement of the meeting be attended with danger?"

"She is prepared to see you, Frank," said Mr. Vivian.

"It may be so; and she may be able to bear it: but—do not, I entreat you, think me more selfish than I am—but I am far from sure that I could bear it."

"Yes, you can, my dear friend; I know you better than you know yourself—at least, I think I do. And though you will find that you have much to forgive—"

"Spare me this, I implore you," said the young merchant, "and believe me when I say that I have no need to exercise forgiveness. You know that I have never charged Grace with having wronged me; and if ever I thought hardly of her, my heart has long ago forgiven."

"Forgiven her! Yes, do I not know this? But there is one thing you do not know, Frank: forgiveness from you she has never needed, because she has never—"

"Do not go on," said Frank, in a husky voice: "I know what you would say; it is what I have always said and known. Poor Grace only obeyed where obedience was due: you will naturally say this, and I do not gainsay it: have I not always maintained that her heart never dictated the words she wrote, and that the blow which fell upon me recoiled with double force upon herself? Poor Grace! But, granting all this, why should we meet? The past can never be recalled."

"I will tell you why," said the benevolent interceder; and then he, briefly as might be, unfolded to his young friend the treachery of which Grace and himself had alike been the victims, and the effect produced on Grace when the discovery of her father's crime was made clear to her, even by his own confession. In short, he repeated much of what had passed in the two conversations he had held with the father and the daughter.

And in this brief recital it was admirable how tenderly Mr. Vivian touched the rankling wound, and how he strove rather to excite the compassion of his injured friend on behalf of the sinner, now tasting the bitter fruit of his own doings, than to raise his indignation against him.

And well was it that he did this; for a terrible struggle in the mind of Frank Eveleigh was manifest, as Mr. Vivian proceeded with his tale. More than one passionate exclamation, which need not be repeated, fell from his lips; and when that tale was ended, the agitation of the young merchant's whole frame told how keen were his sufferings.

"Dolt that I was, not to have suspected this at the time," he said, "knowing what I knew of Ralph Draper. And it is this man—the destroyer of my life's hope—the poisoner of her happiness who was dearer to me than life, and the blighter of her existence—it is this man whom you ask me to forgive!"

"To forgive as you would be forgiven," replied the aged friend, firmly, yet softly and gently and kindly. "My dear Frank—Mr. Eveleigh," he went on—"listen to me, for one moment more, I pray you. You know how He who spoke as never man spoke, and who suffered from treachery as man never suffered, and has left us an example of patient endurance and divine forgiveness, has taught us to say, in our approaches to our Heavenly Father, 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we also forgive them who trespass against us!' and you remember also his solemn warning, 'If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.'"

"I am corrected," said Frank, submissively.

"And think," continued his mentor, "how this man—this Ralph Draper himself has suffered; his conscience ill at ease, his projects overthrown, his one strong affection—for he loves his daughter—turned to bitterness and gall! Oh, Frank, my friend, do not think that sin has not in it the seeds of its own punishment, even in this life. The man has suffered—does suffer: forgive him."

"I will at least try to forgive," replied the young merchant; "but my first thoughts must be for the innocent sufferer. Must I see her? and when?"

"You must see her; and she is prepared to expect you. But you also must be prepared for a sad change."

"Better so, perhaps," murmured the young man, "since—" and then, breaking off from the half-spoken sentence, he added: "But you will accompany me?"

"To her door, but not further: it will be better not."

They walked together to the door of the stately lodgings; and there they parted. Mr. Vivian retraced his steps to his lonely home and quiet study, where he waited his young friend's return.

An hour, two hours, passed away; and then, pale and agitated, Frank Eveleigh returned to his friend's house.

"Do not question me to-night," he said hurriedly: "it is well that I have promised not to—that I dare not curse; but pray for me, my friend, that I may have strength to forgive. Poor Grace!"

And so, with few words spoken, they separated for the night.

#### CHAPTER XII.—THE LAST.

For many days, Frank Eveleigh was the rector's guest; and day after day he visited Grace at her lodgings. Sometimes he was accompanied by Mr. Vivian; but oftener he went alone.

Ralph Draper was true to his engagement. It may be that he shrank from encountering the man he had wronged, or perhaps he dreaded to contemplate the near approach of death. Could he, indeed, look upon the daughter whom all believed to be dying, and not remember that the arrow which had stricken her, and yet rankled in her wounded heart, was of his own fashioning?

And he did not repent? No. He felt himself baffled, and was maddened at the failure of his schemes; and he was half beside himself, too, at the dread prospect before him—the loss of the only being whom, in his selfish way, he loved; but he was not sorry for what he had done. And so he returned to his desolate home, and remained there, every day impatient for the coming in of the post, and singling out from the rest of his letters, with nervous agitation, that bearing the S— post-mark; and then dreading to break the seal.

One thing, however, he did soon after his return home, which, if it showed no relents of heart, proved at least the bitter conflict through which he was passing. He sought out the old servant, Martha, whom he had, whether justly or not, accused of being a spy and a traitor, and whom, years ago, he had ignominiously dismissed from his service, and, without relaxing his sternness, laid a considerable sum of money before her, and bade her, rather than asked it as a favour, to prepare for a journey, and go to S—, to nurse her former mistress.

"Not for *that*, sir," said Martha, coolly pushing away the tempting pile of gold.

"If that is not enough, name your price, woman," said Ralph, with an angry gesture.

"You are one of them that think money is to

do everything, sir," said Martha, calmly enough; "but you are mistaken, though you have not found it out yet, Mr. Draper."

The merchant turned fiercely upon her, but his looks were troubled. "What do you mean, woman?" he demanded. "But whatever you mean is no matter; only if money will not purchase your services, what will? Tell me that."

"Nothing that you can give, sir," retorted Martha. "But do not mind me, Mr. Draper; I am going to S— to-night. Shall I take any message to Miss Grace?"

"To-night! The woman is mad!"

"To-night, by the night coach to London, sir, and then on to S— by the first coach I can find. Shall I say anything to Miss Grace from you, sir?" Martha asked again.

"No, nothing," said Ralph Draper, moodily; "but come, take this, at least, to pay your expenses;" and the merchant held out a bank-note. But Martha was gone.

Twenty-four hours later and the old servant was by the couch of her former mistress. "Only let me be with you, dear, dear Miss Grace, and there's no hired nurse shall do for you what I will," she sobbed, as she kissed the thin hand of the lady. "I carried you in my arms when you were a child," she pleaded, "and there's no one besides has such a right to you as I have; at least, there's only one other—poor Master Frank."

"He has been here before you, Martha," faltered Grace, faintly smiling, "and—and he will be here again."

And so Frank Eveleigh came again and again; and Martha rejoiced to see the old confidence restored, though she little understood how it had come about.

Grace Draper needed all the care and attention her faithful old servant could give. For many days after her first interview with Frank, it seemed as though the poor invalid's last hold on life were giving way. Her agitation of mind in the mingled joy and sorrow of knowing that between her former lover and herself there remained nothing to be explained, but that at the same time her father's wrong-doing had been revealed, all but overpowered her feeble frame. Gradually, however, as earth seemed fading away, her composure returned: she could bear now to talk to Frank of the past; to implore his forgiveness towards her wretched father; to speak comfort to him, and to picture for him a happier future when she was gone.

Grace could also converse freely now with Mr. Vivian—perhaps more freely even than with Frank Eveleigh. There was nothing now to conceal. He knew all, without her having had the exquisite pain of being her father's accuser.

Martha was seldom long absent from her mistress's side. Day and night she remained by her couch. At length came the crisis: life and death were for a few hours trembling on the balance, and then the joyful intelligence was conveyed to Frank, by Mr. Vivian himself, who, with physicians and nurses, had watched the struggle, that there was hope.

Every day that hope strengthened, and ere many weeks had passed away Grace Draper—languid, indeed, and weakened by the long illness and severe mental struggles through which she had passed—was pronounced to be convalescent. The doctors had judged rightly when they said the malady was mental more than bodily—that long-continued secret grief had set medical skill at defiance.

Until this time Ralph Draper was self-banished from S—. Possibly he guessed on how slight a thread was suspended the bare chance of his daughter's recovery, and that his presence might in one moment sever it. But now that the need for this banishment seemed past, and he no longer feared to meet the sorrowful glances of a dying child, he announced his determination of returning to her side. This letter Grace placed in Frank's hand. That same day Frank Eveleigh made preparations for his return to London.

There was one thing that sorely puzzled Martha in connection with her former mistress—"dear Miss Grace"—and "Master Frank." She knew quite well that all former misunderstanding had been removed, that perfect confidence had been restored; and yet they had never spoken—she was sure of it—on the subject that she thought would have been and ought to have been uppermost in their minds. They were friends, but no longer lovers. The long-severed tie was not reunited; its loose ends were hanging invitingly, but they hung separately, and no one had ventured to take them up and replace the "true lover's knot."

All this was right and proper, Martha argued, while dear Miss Grace was so ill, and not thought likely to get better; but when health was returning, and Grace was—well, well: to be sure she was older by ten years than she was ten years before; and, for the matter of that, so was Master Frank too; and "better late than never," she thought, and she didn't understand it.

Martha understood it still less when Frank had taken his leave of Grace on the morning of his departure to town, and no sign had been given.

"It won't be long before we see Master Frank again, either here or at G—, Miss Grace?" Martha ventured to insinuate to her "dear young lady," after that leave-taking.

Tears were in Grace Draper's eyes; but she smiled too, and answered, calmly and composedly, "It is not likely we shall often see each other again, Martha."

"I never saw anything like that, never," said Martha to herself afterwards. "I thought Master Frank had had more spirit."

On the following day came Ralph Draper to S—. It was noted how haggard and worn he had become—how shrunken and fallen away; and those who saw him said what a strange man he must be to have stayed away from his daughter so long, as though he cared nothing for her, and yet to show such signs of anxiety and mental suffering.

The meeting between father and daughter was, in all probability, affecting, but none witnessed it. Ralph Draper, indeed, appeared to shun notice. While he remained at S— he secluded himself

within the walls of the lodging-house, not renewing his acquaintance with the aged rector, and even declining to see him when he paid a farewell visit to Grace. In the course of a few days the lodgings were vacated, and the little watering-place saw no more of the Drapers.

In one respect, however, that little sea-port town benefited largely by these visitors. The marvelous cure of the young lady who had resorted to S—, when apparently in the worst stages of a long, lingering decline, and who had been given up by the faculty, was loudly vaunted; and from that time it became fashionable to send consumptive patients to that watering-place. Probably it retains its reputation to this day.

And Frank Eveleigh returned to London and to business. None knew the particular cause of his long absence, though it was understood that he had been called away by the illness of a dear friend; but it could not but be observed soon after his return how great an alteration had taken place in his spirits. The melancholy sadness which had marked him disappeared; his step was lighter, his smile more joyous.

One day (more than a year after his visit to S—), in looking down the gazette column of the "Times," Mr. Eveleigh uttered an involuntary exclamation, laid down the paper, rubbed his eyes, and took up the paper again.

Yes, the name was still there, in the bankrupt list: Ralph Draper, of G—, merchant.

This was not all. In another column of the same paper, upon which Frank's eye presently glanced, was a mysterious announcement, in which only the initials of a name were given, of a series of commercial frauds just brought to light, which would, in all probability, lead to further disclosures both in the bankruptcy and criminal courts. The initials given of the grand mover in these frauds were—R. D.

Frank Eveleigh did not wait to read more: that same day he was on the road to G—.

Faster, faster! Never did post horses travel over ground at a much more rapid rate; never, perhaps, did post horses seem more slow and sluggish than they seemed that day to Frank Eveleigh.

Once more, after so many years, Frank trod the pavements of his native town, of which he once believed he had taken a final leave. He passed by his old lodgings, which had witnessed his agony; he passed by the home of his childhood, the scene of so many joys and of two deep sorrows; he passed by the old banking-house, where others now dealt in money and securities as his father and himself had dealt in the same commodities in days gone by; he passed Ralph Draper's house of business, which was closed; and then, with rapid steps, he entered the suburbs, and hurried along the tree-shaded road. The trees had grown since he was there last; in all the agitation of his mind, he could not but notice that they were older: so was he—so much older, and so altered, that no one had recognised him. He was glad of that.

Ralph Draper's fine suburban mansion was soon reached. Its freshness was passed away; it had a gloomy look; its window-blinds were drawn down,



and it seemed smaller and less imposing than Frank remembered it. But there it stood. And there stood Frank at the door. He had not long to wait. At his summons the door was slowly opened, and old Martha and Frank met there as they had met so many years before.

"It is Master Frank—it is!" cried the old servant, clapping her hands, and then clasping his outstretched hand between both her own. "I said you *would* come; I knew you would, Master Frank; I said you would!" And so she went on repeating herself in hysterical gladness, till Frank gently pushed by her and entered.

"Upstairs, Master Frank; upstairs in the old drawing-room; not there," she interposed, when Frank was moving through the hall to the library. "Upstairs. Oh, bless you, bless you, Master Frank, for coming!"

There was no one in the drawing-room besides Grace; and Martha was too good a judge, as she afterwards said, to do more than open the door for Frank's admission, and then quickly close it again. But the door was open long enough for her to see the little colour Grace had on her cheeks rapidly fading away, and then returning again, as she hastily rose; and for her to hear Frank's manly tones, as he sprang forwards to meet his once betrothed, "Grace! dearest Grace!"

"I knew it would be all right then," said Martha; "I don't set up as a prophet, but I gave a guess how things were coming round at last."

And so they did come round at last too, though not quite so soon as Martha would have preferred, after their waiting so long. Yes, it came round at last that—but we are anticipating.

It was a long interview which Frank Eveleigh held with Grace Draper that summer's evening. At last he rose to depart for the night.

"Can I see him, Grace?" he asked, in a low voice.

"He will not know you, dear Frank; he scarcely knows me now. But if you wish it," sobbed Grace.

Apparently Frank's looks seconded the request, for, without further words, Grace led the way to the old library.

The same thick, soft carpet; the same heavy crimson curtains; the same rich furniture; the same book-case of grandly-bound books; the same portrait of a beautiful girl on the wall; and there sat the bankrupt owner of all these luxuries—a drivelling idiot.

A few weeks later, and all Ralph Draper's unreal prosperity had passed away: his affairs were being wound up by commission; his house and furniture, and horses and equipages had been sold; disclosures had been made which seriously implicated him, and his person had been for a few hours in custody on a criminal charge. But who could proceed against an imbecile? So the prosecution was dropped, and the fraudulent merchant was free.

A few weeks later still, and in a distant town—a small obscure town in —shire—there was a very quiet wedding. The bridegroom and the bride were alike strangers in the place, and an aged

clergyman had travelled a long distance, it was said, to officiate at the ceremony, as being their dearest friend. He, however, was not altogether a stranger there. Some twenty years before he was the vicar of that parish, and there were many inhabitants remaining in it who remembered Mr. Vivian.

Many years afterwards a merchant, retired from business, lived in a quiet, unpretending rural village not very far from London. It was not a large establishment kept up by Mr. Eveleigh (for that was the retired merchant's name), but he was supposed to be wealthy. His charities, at any rate, were numerous; and his reputation for benevolence and sympathy with the poor was rivalled only by that of his wife. They had no children; but more childish than an infant was the poor aged man who lived with them, and who was constantly watched over by them with exceeding care and kindness. That aged man was the father of Mrs. Eveleigh; and, with the exception of an old female servant called Martha, she alone could control the old man's waywardness, or soothe the terrors which sometimes seized upon him, especially at the approach of a stranger. Two leading hallucinations had obtained possession of this unhappy man's imbecile mind. One was that officers of justice were on his track, and that he was about to be lodged in jail; the other was the dread of poverty and want.

Thus Ralph Draper lived out the remainder of his days, and thus he died.

### LONDON DOGS.

Dogs have thus much in common with men, that they are very different creatures under different circumstances. As certainly as the country-bred youth, when brought into contact with the more refined citizen, shakes off the rust and the loutishness that characterized him before, so surely does the dog who is submitted to the same conditions undergo a corresponding transformation, though the change may not be so marked or so readily observable by indiscriminating eyes. Some years ago a dog of our acquaintance, who had been born in London, and passed the whole of his life there, removed with his master's family to a country residence distant nearly a hundred miles. Nothing could exceed the pride and hauteur with which he conducted himself towards every dog in the new neighbourhood: in London he had been always remarkably sociable in his peculiar way towards the whole race, but now he would have nothing to do with any species of dog whatever—meeting all advances by suddenly turning tail upon the intruder, and poking his own nose as high in the air as he could carry it. It was impossible to mistake this conduct for anything else than a demonstration of contempt, and all endeavours to teach him better manners were in vain: it was only when an occasional visitor came down from London with a London dog, that he would relax and behave as sociably as before.

The mass of London dogs—and the fact is attri-

butable to the conditions under which they come into the world and go out of it—are of no particular breed, but consist of a mixed multitude of mongrels. This deteriorates from their value in the eyes of breeders and fanciers; but it is likely that dogs are all the more intelligent from the mixture of blood, and much better suited to a city life than animals of a pure breed. We Englishmen are ourselves a mongrel race, as Defoe, in his "Freeborn Englishman," taught us pretty plainly more than a century ago. If we, having accepted the imputation, have learned to consider ourselves all the more active, enterprising, intelligent, and efficient on that very account, why should not the dogs arrive at the same conclusion? At any rate, though the pure breeds of dogs have the best of it in point of brute courage and endurance, it is rare that any extraordinary or versatile intelligence is manifested by other than the cross-breeds or mongrels.

Dividing the dogs of London into two classes—those who live within doors and those who live without—the patricians and the plebs of their races—we must embrace among the former all the pets of the aristocracy, who have their special servants to wait upon them, their medical advisers to tend them, and who pass their lives in indulgences and caresses administered by the fair arbiters of taste and fashion. For, be it understood, there is a fashion in dogs; and my lady who can afford it may rove from pug to poodle—from the plains of Blenheim to the Isle of Skye, and select a pet of either race or any pattern she may choose, and almost of any size, however diminutive. At some of the periodical dog-shows in the east of London, choice miniature specimens are occasionally exhibited, born and bred to order, small enough to be covered with a quart pot or a lady's muff after attaining their full growth, and with flossy silken coat of a tint corresponding precisely to the pattern. Some of these "royal beauties" are not allowed to come into the world under forty or fifty guineas each, while others, it is said, realize for the breeders as much as a hundred guineas. These are the dogs of whom it may be recorded, "they are born with a silver spoon in their mouths;" and there is not more social difference between the sovereign on the throne and the shelterless beggar in the street, than there is between such a dog, cradled in the lap of luxury, and the earless, tailless, dinnerless "tyke" that shrinks and shivers in a London gutter.

We must pass these upper ten thousand pets with the above allusion to their status and dignity, merely adding that numbers of them fall victims to their luxurious living, in spite of their carriage airings and medical consultations with west-end physicians; for it is true of dogs as it is of their owners—"few die of hunger, thousands of surfeits."

Our canine friends out of doors, with whom our main business lies, may be also divided into two distinct classes—those who have masters and a home to go to, and those who have neither. Probably nearly every dog would have a master, but that the ownership involves a tax payable to government of at least 12s. a year, and that a disclaimer often saves the tax without losing the dog.

Perhaps we cannot give a better general idea of the masterless London dog than by jotting down a few particulars of dogs we have met, and some of whom we still meet occasionally.

First there is Prowler, a dog who we are sure has neither home nor master, and has not the slightest intention of having either. He is the incarnation (in dogs' flesh) of a town tramp, and ranges London in all quarters. We have met him on Highgate Hill and on Kennington Common, in Hyde Park and in Whitechapel Road, and at various intermediate spots, from time to time. Prowler is a sandy-coloured bull-terrier of the largest breed, with one mangled ear and long undiminished white tail, which he carries, as the lion of Northumberland House does his—horizontally. He never walks, nor fairly runs, but jogs along at an ambling pace, as though he had business to attend to, which we are persuaded he has—business of his own. It is of no use trying to attract his attention; you may as well whistle to a stone, or call after a post; Prowler is deaf to all such blandishments, and goes on about his business. As he has never let us into the secret, of course we cannot tell to a certainty the object of his endless journeys; we suspect, however, that he has certain depôts, or houses of call, where at intervals he is sure of a meal; since he is always in tolerable condition, and has never a hungry look.

Snap lived, for some years, not far from our dwelling, and emerged every morning, with a running fire of loud barks, from a factory yard which it was his function to guard during the night. When released, he set off and was seen no more till seven o'clock in the evening; whether it was light or dark, winter or summer, made no difference—as the clock struck seven, Snap made his appearance in the yard, and defended the premises until his release in the morning. He was rarely seen in the neighbourhood in the day, and was often known to travel to the distance of six or seven miles, invariably returning by the hour for duty, which there is little doubt was also that for supper.

Ponto was a huge dog, not at all handsome, but tall as a young donkey. He belonged to a poor man who could not afford to feed him, and therefore sent him out to forage for himself. Having a capacious stomach and a small conscience, Ponto became a thief, and was long the pest of the neighbourhood. He robbed the butcher, the baker, and the cats' meat man; he entered back doors and rifled larders and pantries, and, when caught in the act, appealed against punishment with such a look of remorse and compunction, and such a formidable show of teeth, that he generally got off. As people came to know his cunning, and to be more careful, he was driven to a vegetable diet, and actually plundered the fruit from gardens, devouring no end of gooseberries, strawberries, currants, quarantine apples, peaches, and everything which his long legs and neck enabled him to reach. He had the wit to choose the early summer mornings for these depredations; but spite of his cunning he was caught at last, and shot down by an angry market-gardener while in the act of bolting nectarines from the wall at day-break.

Smoot, a town mendicant, got his living in a much safer way. He was a black shaggy spaniel of average size, who, with a little attention, might have been accounted handsome, and he was generally supposed to have a master, though in reality he had none. He knew and was known at nearly all the city dining houses, which he would enter at dining hours, and there beg for bones and scraps among the customers. He had the precaution to limit his stay at one place to about half an hour at the outside; and as the waiters invariably supposed his master to be present, he rarely encountered any opposition from them. Several attempts were made by those who knew him to attach him to themselves and give him a permanent home, but none of them succeeded. Smoot preferred a nomadic life; and though he would stay for a day or two with an indulgent patron, he invariably ended by asserting his independence, and resumed his vagabond mendicant life. It was said that he finally fell a victim to the police, who, finding him airing his tongue one sweltering day in August, sacrificed him to the dog-star, and the Lord Mayor's proclamation against hydrophobia.

Whoever attends the flesh markets, where the carcase-butchers congregate, knows the market dog, whom everybody patronises and nobody owns, and who sticks to the market night and day, whether it is full or empty. Like him, there are other dogs in plenty who attach themselves to localities or to groups, and not to individuals. The fireman's dog is well known to fame; the regimental dog also, who is not so much an institution with us as he is with the French. Then there is the hospital dog, who has been cured of a fractured limb, and whose master is every medical student, and nobody in particular. There is the dog of the close court, or alley, or little *cul-de-sac*, the pet and the tyrant of some little poverty-stricken domain, whence he chases all the other intruders, and where he reigns lord paramount himself until beaten in some pitched battle by one stronger than he; and there is the workshop or factory dog, whose master is a hundred and fifty journeymen, and who has the Sunday to himself for solitude and reflection.

Most picturesque and most pitiable of all the London dogs, are those travestied and disguised public performers, now growing fewer and fewer year by year, whom one meets in the streets on rare occasions in charge of some doubtful performer on drum and pipe. They always look as though they had some tale of ineffable sorrow to unfold if they had but the gift of speech to tell it. Their melancholy woeful faces form a sorry contrast to their comical antics, and justify the suspicion which we have always entertained, that their accomplishments are the result of training experiences shamefully cruel.

A marked contrast to these are the mercantile dogs—dogs bred, dogs stolen, and dogs manufactured for sale. These are always well fed, and in excellent condition as to cleanliness. It has been suggested, however, that it is not advisable to deal with an itinerant merchant in these articles, seeing that a handsome dog, if he has not been stolen for sale, or even if he has, is very likely to be sold that

he may afterwards be stolen, and that a shockingly small proportion of pet dogs thus purchased remain for any length of time with their buyers. It has been further suggested, that if you do buy a pet at the street corner, it may be well to be certain that you get what you bargain for, and that the commercial Blenheim spaniel or genuine Skye terrier is not a "plated" article, as it is termed, that is, a mongrel pup, clad for the nonce in a fancy hide. But *verb. sap. sat.*

The street dogs of London, whether masterless or not, lead a life very different from that of their country compeers. Hundreds that are owned are never fed by their owners, but have to forage for themselves; and thousands who receive rations of food daily, get no water save what they seek out themselves. In hot weather they are known to travel miles to drink, and some of them will travel much further for the pleasure of a swim. At spring time the city dog will often start off to the suburbs in search of a certain kind of grass, which is medicine to him at that season, but which he will not touch later in the year.

Five-and-twenty years ago the streets of London were crowded with dogs to a much greater extent than they are now. The city dog was then a beast of draught, and was seen harnessed to innumerable equipages of bakers, butchers, costermongers, fruit-sellers, travelling tradesmen, razor-grinders, raree-shows, etc., etc. It was no uncommon thing on a Sunday to meet a whole family starting off to the country in a dog-drawn carriage; and now and then they would be seen returning at full gallop in the evening, uproarious under the influence of drink, and flying along at a pace that would distance a mail coach. At the instigation of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Mr. Hawes brought in a bill for the abolition of the slave-trade (canine), and Parliament condescending to legislate for the dogs, it passed into a law. The friends of the dogs congratulated one another on this consummation; they further commemorated the event by a picture representing the dogs in council—the president, a mastiff, reading the Act, while a terrier stood ready, document in paw, to move a vote of thanks to Mr. Hawes. In the distance a procession of costermongers, etc., were seen drawing their own carts, while the emancipated dogs were looking on and laughing at them. The bill, however, in its operation, proved no laughing matter to the dogs. No sooner was it put in force than thousands of them were doomed to death. On the very morning that the Act became law, multitudes of the huge powerful animals were shot, stoned, strangled, stabbed, drowned, or put to death in some way or other, to save the expense of their maintenance, which they were no longer allowed to earn. We saw, one morning, upwards of fifty of them being drowned in the Surrey Canal; and in a few days the whole breed of draught dogs, which had been carefully fostered for that end alone, became nearly extinct, as to London.

The London dogs have figured once or twice in history, though not in a flattering way. In the time of the eighth Henry, being considered too numerous, they were decimated again and again by order







Woman of Sorrento, (Kingdom  
of Naples).

Lazzarone of Nap.

Woman of  
Tromella  
(King. Nap.)

SOUTHERN ITALIANS.

Sicilian  
Shepherd.

Woman of Scutrone  
(Abruzzi)  
Kingdom of Naples.

Young Shepherd of  
Calabria.

Woman of Bisceglie,  
(Sicily).

statesmen often have told us the story of families ruined or saddened for life by the unjust exile or detention till death of their dearest, wasting away the last moments of honourable life in hopeless banishment or in pestiferous dungeons. These are awful calamities, that fall severely upon some few but leave the mass undisturbed except by apprehension; and apprehension is slow to seize on the minds of men, just as every soldier hopes to escape the death that is falling on his comrades around.

Such acts of world-patent tyranny are not those that tell most on a suffering people. Philosophers have observed that the small and repeated annoyances of the daily life of all of us are harder to bear than the great evils, which strike but rarely. It would seem unendurable to us that our newspapers and books should be garbled or suppressed by a director of police, our public meetings forbidden, our authors silenced or exiled, and that we must ask our parish priest for a recommendation for a passport to go a day's journey from our home; and yet, these are annoyances to which most natives of civilized Europe are now subject, and to which many of them willingly submit as a choice of evils between irksome restraint and lawless disorder. These restrictions of the freedom of thought and action have been wrought out in the kingdom of the two Sicilies to a system of galling and petty tyranny, which has been long preparing a ready greeting for the first hope of freedom.

A residence in Sicily, in the winter of the year 1849, gave me some insight into the daily annoyances which have goaded a sensitive people into hate of their rulers, as well as such experience of the minor miseries of a Sicilian's daily life as could befall a foreigner unconcerned with political change, and, moreover, protected by a consul whose name, as a fearless and upright Englishman, is known and dreaded by every official in Sicily.

My first stroll round the beautiful city of Palermo showed that I had chosen no holiday time for my visit. Marks of the shot and shell that had stilled for a time the cry of the people for justice and freedom were everywhere seen; and even in the principal streets, at an hour when most southern cities are all astir with life and gaiety, I was amazed to find the shops shut, the cafés mostly closed or deserted, and the passengers few, and hurrying between strong patrols of armed police and soldiers.

I had first taken up my quarters in a French hotel, frequented only by foreigners; but choosing to change to one exclusively insular, in pursuance of my favourite pastime of watching national manners, I was favoured next morning with an intimation that the director of police required my presence; and, as the invitation was conveyed by two policemen in a dirty undress uniform and armed with thick staves, I was compelled to consider myself arrested as a dangerous character, especially as I found a small commiserating mob gathered at the inn-door to witness my exit under the protection of the *gens d'armes*. Fortunately, on my way to the *polizia*, I met a friend who was known to the director, and who soon obtained an explana-

tion that my name in the police report (sent in by the innkeeper, nightly, of every guest harboured by him) had been distorted to a suspicious degree; but, as my way of spelling it proved I must be an Englishman, I was to consider the arrest a mistake, and myself at liberty, the director with fulsome civility explaining that my arrest was owing to my having been thought a Neapolitan, who could have no right to own such an unspeakable name as mine. But, while thanking the fawning official for his sweet phrases and compliments towards Englishmen in general, and myself and the consul especially, I had reason to know that more than one of his satellites were mentally taking my portrait, and would know me so long as I staid in Palermo.

Wandering that evening along the Marina, I met my friend Kalm, a Swedish artist, whom I knew to be travelling at that time in Sicily. He did not seem to be at all in a frame of mind suitable to the name I have given him, and it soon appeared that he too, though known to all his friends as the most harmless and simple-minded of mortals, was a dangerous character, under observation of the police. He explained that he had been robbed of his trunks at Messina, and being unable to recover his property, and not unnaturally provoked at seeing a cravat of his own round the throat of one of the spies who pretended to search for the thieves, he had expressed views on the duties of policemen which were decidedly Swedish and anti-Neapolitan; he had said in his best Italian, and his words had been told, that "a police should be active in tracing thieves, and not in spying honest men." In consequence of this rash expression of private judgment, poor Kalm was advised in confidence to leave Messina, and so came to Palermo; but he found the fame of his words had gone before him, as, on applying for a pass to Girgenti, he was recommended to remain quiet in Palermo or to return to Naples.

Now Kalm had a commission to paint two pictures of Girgenti, and must needs go to make his sketches; he therefore appealed to his consul, a Sicilian merchant, who sought an interview with the police director, and endeavoured to explain that the Swedish artist was travelling with pension and protection from his government, and would not be likely to undertake the overthrow of King Ferdinand. "But," said the intelligent and inflexible director, "are there no landscapes in Sweden, that this man must needs come here to paint ours? We can't have foreigners running over the island just now. There are prints of Girgenti: let him buy some."

The Swedish consul, being a Sicilian, had no more to say, and the case was put into the hands of the only foreign functionary who dared speak his mind to all; and a few plain, though of course unofficial, words from the practical Englishman made it clear to the cautious director that permission might safely be granted for the dangerous artist to cross the island and return in a limited time, due premonition having doubtless been given to the authorities at Girgenti of the suspicious character who was to visit them.

Pending the settlement of the passport difficulty, it had been the custom of Kalm and myself to

pass an hour or two almost every evening at the rather solitary *café* that remained open on the Toledo after eight o'clock, in company with some young Sicilians who were former acquaintances of mine in other parts of Italy. These young men had never taken part in their national politics, being mostly engaged in artistic or literary pursuits; but some of them shortly received a warning that their nightly consorting with foreigners in a public place, and walking or standing in the streets in groups of five or six, were proceedings highly irregular, and likely to bring them under "observation" of the police (by which was meant that a spy would be set over them), all good subjects being expected to take their ice or other evening refreshment with all convenient speed, and then retire to their homes; "where," as one of our friends remarked, "they could come to no other harm than a domiciliary visit;" "and where," added another, in a similar *aside*, "they can be easily found if they are wanted."

But artists and writers are a sociable tribe in all lands, and, as we found that solitary evenings in a comfortless hotel were dreary, and we were forbidden to walk together in the bright moonlight, or to sit in a *café* on rainy evenings, some of our insular friends kindly made us welcome in their homes.

I can't say that our harmless in-door recreations were ever disturbed by a visit from the dreaded police, but it often happened that our walks to our lodgings, through the dimly-lighted streets, were arrested by some uncouth policeman in plain clothes, bursting upon us from a dark corner, supported by two soldiers, and inquiring, in no civil tones, "where we came from, our names, and where we were going;" all which information was carefully noted in his pocket-book by the light of the nearest street-lamp. Then we were at liberty to pursue our way and our chat, which was, however, continually broken by the necessity of answering the challenge of every patrol and sentry we passed.

My visits to my Sicilian acquaintance were varied by evenings with English friends, some of whom lived far from my inn, and my stay was often prolonged till near midnight, an hour at which no Sicilian walked the streets; my walks across the breadth of the city, however, could not be said to be solitary, as I met with challenges from patrol or sentry, or was called on for information of my name and pursuits nearly every five minutes of my walk.

The evening of my last visit to the villa Catania happened to be cold and almost frosty; and, having staid somewhat later than usual, I started home on the run, exhilarated by the keen north wind and bright starlight, and the cheerful society of the house I had left. On reaching the first guard-house, the sentry challenged as usual, and I replied; but, to my discomfiture, instead of letting me pass, he levelled his bayonet, and called me to halt; the guard turned out in arms, the usual shabby policemen came forward, and put the usual questions, and enlightened my ignorance of the cause of this ado by asking "what I was

running for?" In reply to my explanation, that Englishmen were apt to run in going home to bed on a sharp starlight night, the official informed me that "running in the street was disorderly and forbidden; that I was excused as an 'Inglese,' but cautioned for the future."

I was glad that a caution was needless, as I was about leaving this favoured island, in which no action of life seemed to be free from police interference. I saw and heard enough of the kind I have sketched, to make me wonder how long the people would bear such a burden, and also to make me now and then—I think of it ten years after—thankful to the kind Providence that has placed me in

"The land where, girt with friends or foes,  
A man may speak the thing he will."

## THE TOURIST IN SCOTLAND.

### A WALK ABOUT STIRLING.

"GREY Stirling, bulwark of the North," stands sentinel among a score of battle-fields. From the days of Tacitus, when Agricola struggled with the Celtic prince Galgacus on neighbouring slopes of the Grampians; through ages of conflicts between Picts and Britons, Scots and Southrons, Highland turbulence and Lowland loyalty; this stronghold has been witness, and in some measure controller, of the storms of strife which have swept across the level countries within its ken. At the present day its strength is chiefly a show-scene, guaranteed to Scotland by the Articles of Union.

Travelling thither from Edinburgh, we pass stations named Falkirk and Bannockburn; which historic words cause us to thrust our heads forth of the carriage to behold, in the first instance, a red-roofed town amid din and glare of forge-works; and secondly, broken ground intersected by a brook, and bearing a village distinguished for carpets and tartans. The approach to Stirling reveals a sloping height, with houses climbing upon it towards a pile which resembles a palace more than a fortress, and looks as little grim and feudal as any castle with its history could be supposed. Like true greatness, it can afford to lay aside pretension. In general outline the town is similar to Edinburgh, being built on the principle of safety, which perforce guided the architectural plans of our ancestors, before men had lives quiet enough to think of broad streets or sanitary regulations, and when the shelter of a fortification was essential to burghers' prosperity.

We arrive at the Stirling Station, and step out into the usual bustle and excitement; whence, making our way towards the Castle, we ascend the nearest of the aforesaid narrow streets; whose upper portion, past the tall spire of the Athenæum, is called after Robert Spittal, tailor to James IV; a man who, for his benevolence, deserves this or any other remembrance by which his name can be held in modern memories. Higher in the street, a black stone set in front of an old gabled house with high steps bears the following inscription:—"This house is foundit for support of ye Pair be Robert

Spittal, tailyour to King James ye 4 in anno 1530. R. S." An open pair of scissors rampant, strides across the sentence; an heraldic bearing of which the generous cloth-worker was not ashamed, nor need be.

Before reaching the old Greyfriars Church, we pass a handsome monument, in process of erection, to Ebenezer Erskine, one of its former ministers. It has clustered columns of the composite order, supporting arches which are to enframe a statue; the dome is adorned with recessed arcades, all brilliant in white sandstone. Stirling commemorates gratefully her celebrities; another statue to the same eminent divine and founder of the Secession Church, stands in the cemetery on the Castle-hill. Further on is the jail of the town, picturesquely built in towers and turrets, so as to suit the adjoining fortifications. The churches close by are fine examples of the pointed Gothic style, dating from 1494, and full of history. Here John Knox preached before Mary, and before James VI at his coronation; here the Regent Arran abjured Romanism; and here also lies the ablest and most strenuous opponent of the Reformation in Scotland, who, if human energy and talent could have done so, would have smothered our infant Protestantism with flames of persecution—the clever and unscrupulous Cardinal Beaton. And now, each sabbath over his grave rolls the tide of Protestant psalmody; for the work was of God, and as many as opposed it were brought to nought.

Another relic of that stormy age is "Mar's Work," the front wall and side towers of a richly decorated mansion constructed by the Regent Mar at the head of Broad Street: which street was anciently the May Fair of Stirling, being a cluster of houses of the nobility, as some with ornamented gables still testify to their poor inhabitants. It pleased the Earl of Mar that the quarry for the materials of his residence should be Cambuskenneth Abbey; whence were imported, under ecclesiastical anathema, many a quaint corbel and gargoyle, and massive mullion, which the architect ingeniously fitted together into new groups of decoration. Escutcheons crowded with quarterings, moulded niches and embrasures, fantastic figures, (among which particularly is one of a bundle of rods surmounted by a child's face, looking fresh as if from the chisel yesterday,) these encrust the weather-worn surface; and at top, underneath the broken summit of the wall, whence grass waves in the wind, is a line of carven cannon mouths. Three rude rhymes, very characteristic of the earl proprietor, are yet legible over the entrances:—

"I pray al huiuers on this Lugging,  
Vith gentle e to gif thair jugging.  
The moir I stand in opin hitht  
My faults moir subject ar to sitht,  
Easpy, speik furth, and spair noith;  
Consider weil I cair noith."

Here was a defiance of the public! Had the Fourth Estate existed, my Lord Mar had spoken more softly, and acted less rapaciously. He died in Stirling, before his palace was completed; and the disinherited monks of Cambuskenneth affirmed that his death was a judgment for sacrilege.

A little way to the right stand the pinnacled

turrets and massive quadrangle of "Argyle's Lodging;" a sentinel pacing in the archway, for it has fallen from its high estate to be a military hospital. Sir William Alexander the poet was its builder, in the reign of Charles I. Here James II of England received hospitality from the earl, whom afterwards he beheaded; and here another powerful Argyle had his residence during the campaign of Sheriffmuir in 1715, when again Stirling Castle "bridled the wild Highlander." Next at hand is the esplanade, the dry moat crossed by a draw-bridge; and passing through two deep archways, by fortifications erected in Queen Anne's time, we find ourselves before the palace of James V.

Its general outline is familiar, from distant view—its castellated Lombard architecture, and many niches, and highly decorated frieze; and we are prepared for something eminently handsome. But on drawing nigh, this profuse ornament assumes the strangest character. From every niche starts into sight a form in some degree singular, or repulsive, or uncouth even to hideousness. Every twisted column is capitalised with some ugly phantasm, some contorted group: every bracket is a grinning monster. Grotesque as gargoyles always are, here the prescriptive deformity is redoubled. Fever dreams might furnish such grim fancies: rarely are they found perpetuated in stone, and lavished as decoration. A small statue of James V himself stands on a square column at one corner, the sanest seeming among them all.

Formerly the interior was very splendid: the presence-chamber boasted an oaken roof, of carving such as few other palaces could rival. But such rich decoration proved at last too weighty for joists becoming frail through age, and had to be removed for simpler ceiling; and the bosses and beams, distributed among museums public and private, are considered valuable possessions from their beauty. The palace is centred with a small square, called the Lion's Den, where the King of Scotland was wont to amuse himself with the moods of his brother monarchs of the forest.

Mary of Guise occupied the leisure hours of her long regency with the completion and adornment of this building. Hence she probably issued her rescript, summoning the heretic preachers to appear before a court of justice in Stirling; who obeyed her command, approaching the town with such a powerful body of friends, that she was glad to stipulate for their withdrawal by a cessation of the prosecution she had begun. According to the treacherous policy of her kinsmen, she then outlawed the Reformers for non-appearance. What rage and fear must have filled her heart, as she saw from these castle heights the hated religion spreading over Scotland, like an irresistible tide into all men's hearts, no whit stayed by the stakes of Hamilton and Wishart!

To the east of this square stands what was once the Parliament House; it makes but a sorry appearance now, whitewashed and modernised into barracks. To the north, the Chapel Royal, built by James VI for the baptism of his eldest son Henry, on site of another more ancient, is now the Armoury. On the keystones of the gables are



stone unicorns, sole remnant of former adornings. We ascend a staircase within, and enter a long chamber dim with floating banners, all sorely wounded by Peninsular or Waterloo shot; indeed, of the Forty-second's flag scarce enough remains for identification, after the fierce eighteenth of June. Seven thousand stand of arms are marshalled along the centre of the room, and that curious range of weapons at the end are boarding-pikes, provided to arm the peasantry against Napoleon's invasion fifty years ago. Hanging in one of the windows is the ancient oaken crown, carved with semblance of jewelled circlet and ball, which, while the regalia of Scotland were missing, was suspended as representative over the sovereign's head at his coronation. And lying in the same embrasure is a singular-looking spear-like weapon—rusty iron and wood joined together by the rudest rivets and clamps, the edge hacked as by its own heavy blows: it is a Lochaber axe, wielded by some stout Scot at Bannockburn. Beside this ghastly memorial of sanguinary combat lies the tilting-lance of mock warfare—one used by James VI; it is singularly light and strong for its extreme length.

But approach yon corner with reverence, and see that old broken pulpit, the wood much worm-eaten, the joints of the panels splitting asunder, and an old blackened table, carved antequely, bearing the date M.D. in the centre. John Knox preached and prayed at these. Hence rang his stern voice in reproof of the vices and tyrannies of an effeminate court; hence poured forth his impassioned prayers for his beloved native land, which has never forgotten that preaching or those prayers. At this table he dispensed the sacred cup and bread with apostolic simplicity, in opposition to the gorgeous ritual of Rome.

Looking upon the former relic, one is reminded of the words of his historian Melville, that Knox "had like to ding the pulpit in blades" with the physical vehemence of his sermons, at times. Perhaps this impetuous oratory was the necessary complement to such defiant speech as the Regent Mar's, before mentioned. At all events, it was the habit of the time—when men were very plain speakers and rough actors.

A new building has been erected on the site of the old Stirling Palace, which was accidentally burned down four years since, and with it the Douglas Room, where James II slew that turbulent earl with his own royal hand, thereby befouling its royalty evermore. For he had given the Douglas a safe conduct under the great seal, and with pretence of friendly conference lured him helpless into the Castle, to a preconcerted assassination. The earl's brothers dragged his Majesty's safe-conduct through the mud of Stirling town at a cart-tail, and with trumpets proclaimed him perjured, and avenged on his wretched subjects their king's crime by burning and pillaging for miles around. More than three centuries subsequently, workmen digging in the governor's garden found the skeleton of Douglas, who had been cast from the window of the room above, and buried where he fell.

Crossing this small garden, we reach the ramparts—a narrow walk, beside a parapet breast-high: over

the parapet is an unexampled view. Spread level, and many-coloured as a map, are miles of lowlands, from the wooded hills of Touch to the Frith of Forth, which lies like an inland lake on the horizon; in the middle distance, many graceful windings of the bright Forth and its turbulent tributaries Teith and Allan, among fields flushed with the richest hues of fertility; and northwards, background to all, a great purple wall of mountains, extending across the whole breadth of Scotland, from Ben Arthur in Argyleshire, whose spurs are washed by Atlantic waves, to the extremest Ochil height declining towards the German Ocean: there stands the range before us, in magnificent strength and space.

Ben Lomond to the west, and close by a chasm full of misty mountains far away in lake-land; Ben-Venue, which shadows the beautiful Loch Katrine, Ben-Ledi's vast heathy mass over Callander; "the wild heights of Uam Var," and cone-like Ben-Voirlich in the midst. These are the chief; prince-presidents in this parliament of mountains; but not a peak in all the multitude is without a name and a history. Where a glen separates the Grampians from the Ochils, we have a glimpse of very distant summits, ranging even beyond the Tay; somewhere in the foreground of the same glen is yet extant a Roman camp at Ardoch, the most perfect of their military works in Britain. Nearer, densely wooded heights rise behind the neat houses of Bridge-of-Allan, and the rounded Ochils lie along, Damsyats most picturesque of them, at whose feet curl many "links" of the silver Forth; projecting in front, the Abbey Craig, a mass of precipitous rock clothed with trees, on whose crest stood Wallace to watch the troops of Cressingham cross the bridge which he had sawn in twain beforehand. Here is the nation about to commemorate him tardily by a monument.

What must this prospect be with the glory of sunset upon it? Or fancy it on a clear winter's evening, when the heaven is ruddy with frost, and the infinite foldings of the mountains are clothed in snow, casting cold blue shadows into the gorges, and daylight dies in a glow of richest crimson! Our guide tells us he has seen such, and also seen the broad lowlands covered with thick white mist, like an unfathomed tide, while the summits of the mountains rose above, magnified and glorified with early sunbeams—*island ranges coasting a mystic ocean!*

And imagination is irresistibly moved to ask, was this vast plain ever really a sea-level, a mighty estuary; those hills its craggy shores, and this rock an islet on which ships and sea-monsters might be wrecked? Science answers that it is all possible, nay, probable; that the great masses of greenstone trap, which we call Stirling Rock, Abbey Craig, and Craig Forth, were protruded through the flat sandstone beds around by a volcanic convulsion disrupting the peaceful ocean of some distant geologic cycle. Twenty feet above the highest tides of the Forth have been found the fossil remains of a gigantic whale, embedded in blue silt—positive proof that primeval waves once rolled over the Carse of Stirling, making it a playground

for huge lumbering cetacea; and that one day, when the upheaval of the lowlands came, a fine specimen of *Balenoptera* could not get out of the way fast enough, but was overtaken by the smothering mud, and lay therein entombed till modern pickaxes brought him to light, that scientific men might buttress theories with his bones.

The rampart which we tread—the Royal Walk, as it is called—is signalized by memorials of two queens, who gazed thence centuries apart. A low stone seat, much worn and broken, where Mary of Scotland often sate to watch through a loophole the amusements of her nobles in the lists at foot of the rock; and at the opposite corner a similar seat raised to commemorate the visit of her illustrious descendant, Queen Victoria, in 1842.

Standing on Queen Mary's seat, we have a wide view to southward, of great plains stretching into unison with the gray verge of the sky; they have been battlefields of Wallace, Bruce, and the Pretender. The history of Bannockburn may be read in the outlines of the land. We notice the sunken ground where Bruce dug pits and scattered caltrops for the English cavalry; remnants of thicket and copse, on site of the oak forest called Torwood, whence the Scots moved to the attack; the upland where the camp-followers appeared in semblance of a *corps de reserve*; and, diminished to a speck of gravel by distance, the boulder of greenstone, in a hole of which Bruce's banner stood during the battle.

Queen Anne's Battery presents much the same prospect; not beautiful, except for its largeness, which confers upon the eye a sense of power, but deeply interesting from its connection with great events. Never can the mere natural loveliness of a landscape be so absorbing as a meaner scene which carries in its bosom a history of human struggle or suffering.

Leaving the Castle by the same low-browed archway, we see before us the Cemetery, its statues standing among green slopes, beside the renowned Ladies' Rock; our exploration of which must be reserved for another paper.

#### OLD ENGLISH MORAL POEMS.

SCATTERED through our miscellaneous English poetry, especially of an earlier date, there are a number of smaller and chiefly irregular moral poems of varying merit, which we rather think have no precise parallel in the literature of other countries, whilst they eminently reflect some peculiarities of the English mind. They spring from that serious and sober character, that self-dependent and contemplative disposition, which turns the eye inward as often as without, and which claims kindred with noble qualities, the love of rural nature and of domestic quiet. The compositions referred to are often bedewed with sweet sprinklings of fancy, and have almost always a purity of diction which time and change have failed to render obsolete. Sometimes they are the effusions of simple minds, grateful for the slender talent of poetry which has been lent them, and pleased to dedicate

it to the expression of those earnest thoughts in which they find their sweetest enjoyment. Sometimes they speak the language of those who, having wandered from the path of duty, have forgot the practice though not the love of virtue, and who now, in the intervals of passion, or in the returning of the prodigal to his Father's house, lift up a humble and mournful hymn, to proclaim, from sad experience, the blessings of that rectitude from which they have too easily departed. The topics on which these little poems touch chiefly are confined within a limited and uniform sphere—life and its vanities, death and its certainty, affliction and its uses, prosperity and its dangers, the emptiness of outward advantages, the felicity of a calm and contemplative spirit, the cares of the court and city, the pleasures of solitude and the country.

We give, as our first example of this kind of composition, two stanzas of a ditty upon the uncertainty of this life, preserved in a manuscript of the British Museum, and published in Ritson's "Ancient Songs." It appears to have been written about the middle of the thirteenth century, or a little later, and is worth something as a curiosity of literature, if not as a poem.

"Winter wakeneth all my care,  
Now these leavis waxeth bare :  
Of I sigh and mouno sare,  
When it cometh in my thought  
Of this world's joy, how it go'th all to nought.

"Now it is, and now it n'is,  
All so it ne'er n'were, I wis :  
And many man saith sooth it is,  
All goeth but Godis will :  
And we shall die, though us like ill."

Passing over the century in which Chaucer flourished—whose genius Warton compares to the bright and brittle promise of an English spring, so often succeeded by a return of wintry weather—we find that towards the sixteenth century a very great advance had been made in the poetic accomplishments of our forefathers. There then sprung up, as an old writer tells us, "a new company of courtly makers, of whom Sir Thomas Wyatt the elder, and Henry Earl of Surrey, were the two chieftains." With these eminent names may be associated that of Thomas Lord Vaux, who at the same period, or probably earlier than Surrey, contributed something to the refinement of taste and versification in England. The works of this cluster of poets were first published in 1557, in Tottel's Collection, the earliest printed miscellany of poetry in the language, where the poems of Surrey and Wyatt are followed by a number of others of "unknown authors," among which are at least two by Lord Vaux.

The following irregular sonnet is by Wyatt:—

THAT PLEASURE IS MIXED WITH EVERY PAIN.

"Venomous thorns that are so sharp and keen  
Bear flowers, we see, full fresh and fair of hue;  
Poison is also put in medicine,  
And unto man his health doth oft renew.  
The fire, that all things else consumeth clean,  
May hurt and heal; then, if that this be true,  
I trust sometime my harm may be my health,  
Since every woe is joined with some wealth."

To Surrey our poetry owes much, independently

of his having first used in England, in his translations of Virgil, that noble form of versification in which Shakespeare and Milton found free and fit scope for their genius, and which at once stimulates and tests the true poet by the high standard of thought and language which its simple grandeur requires to sustain it. From his original compositions we extract the beginning of a little moral poem. It is written in the pleasing favourite metre of that day.

## NO AGE CONTENT WITH ITS OWN ESTATE.

"Laid in my quiet bed, in study as I were,  
I saw within my troubled head a heap of thoughts appear,  
And every thought did show so lovely in mine eyes,  
That now I sighed, and then I smiled, as cause of thoughts did rise.  
I saw the little boy, in thought how oft that he  
Did wish to God, to 'scape the rod, a tall young man to be;  
The young man eke, that feels his heart with pain oppressed,  
How he would be a rich old man, to live and lie at rest;  
The rich old man, that sees his end draw on so sore,  
How he would be a boy again, to live so much the more;  
Whereat full oft I smiled to see how all these three,  
From boy to man, from man to boy, would chop and change  
degree!"

The compositions attributed to Lord Vaux are of unequal character; but he aimed often at the right mark, though not a high one, and he sometimes hit it. His songs are not unfrequently fortunate in their ideas, neat and natural in their expression, and smooth in their numbers. The following verses contain rather a good picture of the encroaching torpor of old age.

"My tastes do all me leave,  
My fancies all are fled,  
And tract of time begins to weave  
Grey hairs upon my head.

"My muse doth not delight  
Me as she did before;  
My hand and pen are not in plight  
As they have been of yore.

"For reason me denies  
This youthly idle rhyme;  
And day by day to me she cries,  
'Leave off these toys in time!'

"The wrinkles on my brow,  
The furrows in my face,  
Say limping age will lodge him now  
Where youth must give him place.

"The harbinger of death  
To me I see him ride;  
The cough, the cold, the gasping breath,  
Doth bid me to provide

"A pickaxe and a spade,  
Eke and a winding-sheet,  
A house of clay, for to be made  
For such a guest most meet.

"Methinks I hear the clerk  
That knolls the careful knell,  
And bids me leave my woeful work  
Ere nature me compel.

"Thus must I youth give up,  
Whose badge I long did wear;  
To them I yield the wanton cup  
Who better may it bear.

"And ye that bide behind,  
Have ye none other trust;  
As ye of clay were cast by kind,  
So shall ye waste to dust."

## One more extract from Lord Vaux.

## OF A CONTENTED MIND.

"When all is done and said, in the end thus shall you find,  
He most of all doth bathe in bliss that hath a quiet mind;  
And clear from worldly cares, to deem can be content,  
The sweetest time in all his life in thinking to be spent.

"The body subject is to fickle fortune's power,  
And to a million of mishaps is casual every hour;  
And death in time doth change it to a clod of clay,  
Whereas the mind, which is divine, runs never to decay.

"Companion none is like unto the mind alone;  
For many have been harmed by speech, through thinking few  
or none:

Fear oftentimes restraineth words, but makes not thoughts to  
cease,

And he speaks best that hath the skill when for to hold his  
peace.

"Our wealth leaves us at death, our kinsmen at the grave;  
But virtues of the mind with us unto the heavens we have;  
Wherefore, for virtue's sake, I can be well content,  
The sweetest time of all my life to deem in thinking spent."

On the same subject, on which poets at this time were so fond to dwell, we will quote a couple of stanzas from Robert Green, best known as a dramatic writer, who was born about 1550, and died in 1592. He is said to have been the first English poet who wrote for his subsistence. The following lines possess much smoothness and elegance.

"Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content;  
The quiet mind is richer than a crown;  
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent;  
The poor estate scorns fortune's angry frown.  
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss  
Beggars enjoy, when princes often miss.

"The homely house that harbours quiet rest,  
The cottage that affords no pride nor care,  
The means that 'grees with country music best,  
The sweet consort of mirth and music's fare,  
Obscurest life sets down a type of bliss:  
A mind content both crown and kingdom is."

## We add one more from Tottel's Collection:—

## THAT EACH THING IS HURT OF ITSELF.

"Why fearest thou the outward foe,  
When thou thyself thy harm doth feed?  
Of grief, or hurt, or pain, or woe,  
Within each thing is sown the seed.

"So fine was never yet the cloth,  
No smith so hard his iron beat,  
That th' one consum'd not with moth,  
T'other to canker all to fret.

"The knotty oak and wainscot old  
Within doth eat the silly worm;  
Even so a mind with envy rolled  
Always within itself doth burn.

"Thus every thing that Nature wrought,  
Within itself his hurt does bear;  
No outward harm needs to be sought  
When enemies be within so near."

"The Paradise of dainty Devices, aptly furnished with sundry pithy and learned inventions, devised and written for the most part by M. Edwards, sometime of her Majesty's Chapel, and the rest by sundry learned gentlemen, both of honour and worship," was published in 1576. It contains rather too much of the cypress and the yew to be a very delicious Eden, and its ivies and myrtles are not of a much livelier hue. We select a part of one piece, which seems to us to be well versified, and, in the last verse, to possess considerable stateliness, both of style and sentiment.

"Man's fitting life finds sweet stay  
Where sacred virtue beareth away."

"The sturdy rock, for all his strength,  
By raging seas is rent in twain;  
The marble stone is pierced at length  
With little drops of drizzling rain;

The ox doth yield unto the yoke;  
The steel obey'th the hammer stroke;

"Yes, man himself, unto whose will  
All things are bounden to obey,  
For all his wit and worthy skill,  
Doth fade at length and fall away.  
There is no thing but time doth waste:  
The heavens, the earth, consume at last.

"But virtue sits triumphing still  
Upon the throne of glorious fame:  
Though spiteful death man's body kill,  
Yet hurts he not his virtuous name;  
By life or death, whatso betides,  
The state of virtue never slides."

Our next extract shall be from Tusser, whose poem, "The Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry," was once popular, not so much from its poetical merit, as from the homely lessons it taught of hospitality and thrift, sobriety and cheerfulness, attention to this world and care for the next. We may remark, in passing, that in the scansion of his lines Tusser is considered to be remarkably correct, according to the pronunciation of his day.

#### A DESCRIPTION OF LIFE AND RICHES.

"The lands and the riches which here we possess  
Be none of our own, if a God we profess;  
But lent us of him, as his talent of gold,  
Which, being demanded, who can it withhold?

"God maketh no writing that justly doth say  
How long we shall have it—a year or a day;  
But leave it we must (howsoever we leave),  
When Atrop shall pluck us from hence by the sleeve.

"To death we must stoop, be we high, be we low;  
But how, and how suddenly, few be that know;  
What carry we then but a sheet to the grave,  
To cover this carcass of all that we have?"

From George Gascoigne, once so warmly admired, and then so thoroughly forgotten, whose unthrifty youth was redeemed by a sober manhood, and, as an eye-witness tells us, by a "godly and charitable end," we could borrow several things which deserve praise and might afford pleasure, but our limits forbid. Here, however, are the last verses of his

#### "GOOD NIGHT."

"The waking cock, that early crows  
To wear the night away,  
Puts in my mind the trump that blows  
Before the latter day.

"And as I rise up lustily,  
When sluggish sleep is past,  
So hope I to rise joyfully  
To judgment at the last.

"Thus will I wake, thus will I sleep,  
Thus will I hope to rise,  
Thus will I neither wail nor weep,  
But sing in godly wise.

"My bones shall in this bed remain,  
My soul in God shall trust,  
By whom I hope to rise again  
From death and earthly dust."

We cannot forbear to add the following lines in commendation of friendship, attributed to Gascoigne, yet probably the production of an earlier poet, Nicholas Grimald:—

#### FRIENDSHIP.

"Of all the heavenly gifts that mortal men commend,  
What trusty treasure in the world can countervail a friend?  
Our health is soon decayed; goods casual, light, and vain;  
Broke have we seen the force of power, and honour suffer stain.  
When fickle fortune fails, this knot endureth still;  
Thy kin out of their kind may swerve, when friends owe thee  
good-will.

What sweeter solace shall befall, than one to find  
Upon whose breast thou may'st repose the secrets of thy mind?  
He walleth at thy woe; his tears with thine be shed;  
With thee does he all joys enjoy, so lief a life is led.  
Behold thy friend, and of thyself the pattern see;  
One soul, a wonder shall be seen, in bodies twain to be;  
In absence present; rich in want; in sickness sound;  
Yea, after death, alive may'st thou by thy sure friend be found."

The next example we shall give is from an unknown author, though the poem itself is better known than any of the same date. It is more spirited and modern in its tone than any which precede, but its morality is of a much lower strain. As a pagan production it might, indeed, be worthy of all the praise it has received; we can scarcely think it is as a Christian one. It is pitched very much in the same key as many of the odes of Horace; but the narrow, selfish philosophy—albeit, in the hands of the Roman bard sound and healthy within its little sphere—the absence of all aspiration, of all religious gravity, of all sympathy with human misery, and the proud self-satisfaction and self-reliance, which do not shock us in a heathen poet, are very offensive in one to whom even the most superficial reception of the gospel should have given a larger heart and a better spirit. Here are the verses, with the omission of one or two stanzas:—

"My mind to me a kingdom is;  
Such perfect joy therein I find  
As far exceeds all earthly bliss  
That God or nature hath assigned:  
Though much I want that most would have,  
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

"Content I live: this is my stay;  
I seek no more than may suffice;  
I press to bear no haughty sway:  
Look! what I lack my mind supplies.  
Lo! thus I triumph like a king,  
Content with what my mind doth bring.

"Some have too much, yet still they crave;  
I little have, yet seek no more:  
They are but poor, though much they have;  
And I am rich with little store:  
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;  
They lack, I lend; they pine, I live.

"I wish but what I have at will,  
I wander not to seek for more;  
I like the plain; I climb no hill;  
In greatest storms I sit on shore,  
And laugh at them that toil in vain  
To get what must be lost again."

We will set down an answer to these lines in the same homely metre.

"My mind to me a kingdom is!"  
No longer urge that swelling strain;  
For who can hope the praise is his  
A monarch o'er himself to reign?

"Nor boast that thus in cold content  
Thou bear'st a calm and careless mind,  
Nor deign'st to laugh or to lament  
For joys or sorrows of thy kind.

"Such lonely life may lurk apart,  
Unreached by tainting passion's stain,  
And what was once a human heart  
May lose the touch of human pain.

"But heavy is the blame he bears  
Who, flying vice, flies virtue too;  
Whose fields, devoid of corn or tares,  
Lie barren in his Maker's view.

"And greater bliss it were to groan  
With all whose sufferings ask a sigh,  
Than, thus congealed to conscious stone,  
Unwept, unweeping, live and die."